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Elberon.

By

George Francis Dawson.



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To the SPIRIT OF ANGLO-SAXON RACE-SYMPATHY which, awakened by the assassination and heroic sufferings of James Abram Garfield, thrilled All England, consecrated an Englishman's sea-side home with the expiring breath of an American President, and, crowning the illustrious Dead with Royal flowers, decreed him Kingly honors—these lines are reverently inscribed

BY

GEORGE FRANCIS DAWSON,

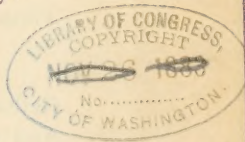
Late Librarian of the United States Senate.

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The wounded chief supinely lay,
Worn out with pains, and ashen gray.
What mocks his weary eyes each day?
The deadly calm at Elberon.

O stifling calm! O furnace air!
Despite the kindest, tenderest care
And hopeful-seeming round him there,
A deep gloom rests on Elberon.

“Blow, healthful breezes! Fresh winds, blow!”
The Nation prays—“blow high, blow low;
Give but a chance for hope to grow,
And lift the pall from Elberon!”



Two Nations pray ; all England's race,
The past forgotten, now embrace,
And supplicate that, of God's grace,
This cup shall pass from Elberon.

The healthful wind responsive blows,
The cooling rain in torrent flows,
The anxious face more hopeful grows,
With stiff sea-breeze at Elberon.

The ocean waves swell strong and high,
The sullen mists are all blown by,
A bow of promise spans the sky—
God's sun smiles fair on Elberon.

Days come and go ; the rosy morn
Now mocks that frame by anguish torn—
Those deadly pangs so nobly borne—
Thy breeze avails not, Elberon !

Gethsemane's blood-sweat and pain
And prayer and tears were all in vain ;
We shall not see our chief again—
A sigh breathes over Elberon.

They tell us "hope is not yet dead"—
But while they speak the shadows dread
Of Azrael's wings are widely spread
Above the cot at Elberon !

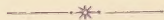
O worn-out hero! tired chief!
Death gently comes and gives relief,
And all the world is filled with grief—
Toll, midnight bells of Elberon!

Poor aged mother—wailing sore
In far Ohio, him she bore—
God's peace to thee! 'Twill soon be o'er—
"God's will" is "done" at Elberon.

And thou, O stricken wife, art seen
Upheld as wife hath rarely been!
Sweet words are those from England's Queen:
"God comfort you," at Elberon.

God comfort all! The pulseless clay
A weeping people bears away—
To wait the Resurrection Day—
Far, far away from Elberon.

The soul hath left the lifeless clod,
Upborne by angels—Ichabod!—
From mortal arms to arms of God,
O'er wrinkled sea at Elberon.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

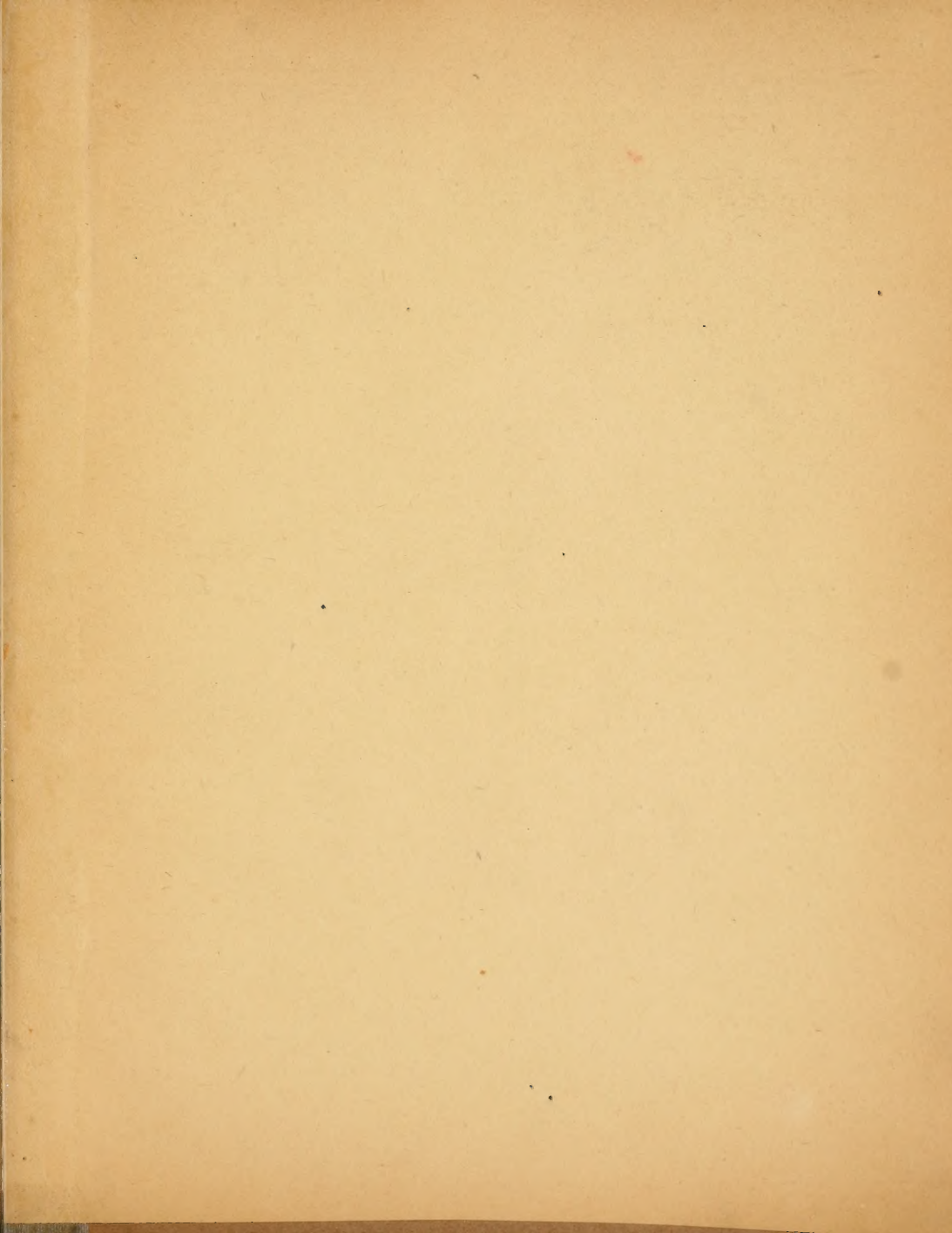
BORN NOV. 19, 1831.

INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
MARCH 4, 1881.

ASSASSINATED AT WASHINGTON,
JULY 2, 1881.

DIED AT ELBERON, N. J.,
SEPT. 19, 1881.

BURIED AT CLEVELAND, OHIO,
SEPT. 26, 1881.



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